BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Dimly the transit morning broke: The sun seemed doubting what to do, As one who questions how to dress, And halts between the old and new, Please Heaven he wear his suit of blue, Or don, at least, his ranged cloak, With rents that show the azure through

I go the patient crowd to join
That round the tube my eyes discern
The last new comer of the file,
And wait and wait, a weary while,
And gape, and stretch, and shrug, and smile
(For each his place must fairly carn,
Hindmost and foremost, in his turn),
Till hitching onward, pace by pace,
I gain at last the enviced place,
And pay the white exiguous coin;
The sun and I are face to face;
He glares at me, I stare at him;
And lo! my straining eye has found
A little spot that, black and round,
Lies near the crimsomed fire-orb's rim.

O blessed, beauteous evening star,
Well named for her whom earth adores—
The Lady of the dove-drawn car—
I know thee in thy white simar;
But veiled in black a rayless spot,
Black as a carcless scribbler's blot
Stripped of thy robe of silvery flame—
The stolen robe that Night restores
When day has shut his golden doors—
I see thee, yet I know thee not;
And canst thou call thyself the same?

A black, round spot-and that is all; And such a speck our earth would be If he who looks upon the stars Through the red atmosphere of Mars Could see our little creeping ball As I our sister planits see

And art thou, then, a world like ours, Flung from the orb that whirled our own A molten pebble from its zone? How much thy burning sands absorb The fire-waves of the blazing orb; Thy chain se short, thy path so near, Thy flame-defying creatures hear The maeistroms of the photosphere! And is thy bosom decked with flowers And is they boson accept with a stall their bloom from scalding showers.

And hast thou cities, domes and towers,

And life, and love that makes it dear,

And death that fills thy tribes with fear?

Lost in my dream my spirit soars Through paths the wandering angels know; My all-prevading thought explores The azure ocean's lucent shores; The azure occasi a self below, I leave my mortal self below, As up the star-lit stairs I climb, And still the widening view reveals In endless rounds the circling wheels That build the horologe of time. New spheres, new suns, new systems gleam; The voice no earth-born ceho hears Steals softly on my ravished ears; I hear them "singing as they shine"— A mortal a voice dissolves my dream; A mortal s voice dissolves my dream;
My patient neighbor, next in line
Hints gently there are those who wait.
O guardian of the starry gate,
What coin shall pay this debt of mine?
Too slight thy claim, too small the fee
That bids thee turn the potent key
The Tuscans hand has placed in thine.
Forgive my own the small affront,
The insult of the proflered dline;
Take it, O friend, since this thy wont,
But still shall faithful memory be
A bankrupt debtor unto thee, A bankrupt debtor unto thee, And pay thee with a grateful rhyme

"IN PAWN."

A WESTON WHITNEY.

"Go, child, go. I must have drink. I must! I must!"

"But, father, there is nothing left to nawn; everything is gone." "No, child, no; not everything. The

picture. Go. I must have drink. I must! I say." Bessie threw herself before her father

in an agony of grief, crying: "Not that, father; no, no, not that. It is all that I have that belongs to my mother, and-oh! I would rather die

than part with it." "Stuff and nonsense, child.

worth money, and money will buy drink. Don't let it go too chenp; it's worth money, I say. Yes,"he laughed, "it's worth money. I had it taken and set in the gold when I didn't know the good of drink. Go," he said, sternly, and no more of this foolishness." "I cannot pawn the locket," she said,

"Then steal the money, but bring me the drink. I must have it, I say. pawn myself if I could. Go-take the locket and be gone, or I'll dash my brains out."

Bessie stood still a moment, and then, turning to him with the tears in her ecer, said:

"Will you kiss me before I go, father?" 'No, no; wait till you bring the drink. Go!" and he motioned her away with his hand.

A few moments later Bessie was standing by the counter of the pawnbroker's shop, her eyes dry, but her lit-tle face showing traces of terrible suf-

David Downs was listening unmoved to a story of wretchedness and misery, but, though he was pronounced by all who knew him harsh and cruel, there was, as there is with all of God's creatures, a soft spot in his heart, and that soft spot had more than once been unconsciously touched by Bessie; and yet it was still the harsh voice that turned to her when they were alone and it to David Downs. He will know how

"Well, what now?" She handed him the locket and asked "How much would you give on this?" He examined it carefully, looked hard at the likeness, and then said:

"I might—yes, I think I could—lend you ten dollars on that. Wouldn't that keep him in drink some time?" and he chuckled and turned away with the locket.

"Please, Mr. Downs," said Bessie, "I don't want you to keep it." "What, do you want more than that?"

he asked, sharply.
"No," said the child, looking up at him, "but I want to know if you won't give that on me. I could take care of things, you know, and I'd try not to eat much. Oh! please do, Mr. Downs." It was curious to notice the expression on the man's face. For a moment he looked steadily at the child as though he were turned to stone, and then he took out his colored hand-kerchief and blew his nose very hard. "If I understand aright," he said,

"you wish to put yourself in pawn."
"Yes, please, Mr. Downs."
"H'm! I never did such a thing, but if you wish it very much-if you would rather do that than have me keep this—"
"Yes, yes," she said, holding out her hand for the locket. "I can't give that

when he again looked down on her,

It's my mother's," up. It's my mother's,"
David Downs was a sharp, keensighted man, and, even before he saw the little mouth quiver, his mind was

made up.
"Well," he said, returning the locket, "if I agree to put you in pawn, you must let me take the money for yon. You know you can't go back then." Bessie choked back a sob as she took

the locket, but she said nothing as she saw the money counted and a ticket You can sit down and keep an eye

on the place till I come back. If anyone comes they can wait."

Bessie longed to say something as David Downs went out, but the words seemed to stick in her throat, and he dared not say more lest he should be harsh and cruel, for his impulse was to do or say something violent. He made a long circuit and walked rapidly to

work off his feelings before he venturinto the presence of Alfred Holmes for though he was accustomed to heart-rending tales and scenes, he had never been so moved as now.

"Well, Holmes," he said as he en-tered the drear and desolate apartment, "I suppose there is nothing left now for me to have. I-" "H'm! What business is that of yours? Is the child coming with the

drink?" "No. I have brought you the money and the pawn ticket. See; this will last some time," and he counted out the money as his companion's dull eyes brightened.

"Ha!" he said. "I told her it was worth something. Why don't she come with the drink? I'm burning up and must have it." "How much do you want? I will get it for you. Your child can't come."

"Yes; get the drink. But where is the child?" "If you look at that card you'll se where the child is. She's in pawn."
"H'm," said his companion, looking

at him in a dazed way.
"Do you understand me?" said David Downs, growing excited; "the child is in pawn and you have put her there. Yes, wretched being that you are! She would sooner die than give up what you wished her to. So she has done the next thing to it-she has put herself in pawn. You will have to sell your soul next. 1 am going for the drink," and before his companion could say say anything he had left him.

When, a few moments later, he returned, Alfred Holmes was crouching in a corner, his whole body shaking as though he had a chill. David Downs handed him a drink without a word, but, instead of raising it to his lips, he put it down on the floor in such a way that it slowly spread itself around and about him, as he held out the pawn ticket and

the money, saying:
"You can send the child back,
want her." "What for? To lead the life she has led lately? No, it is too late for that. See; the money is not all here, for I have

spent some for that miserable stuff you have sold your child for." :'You must send her back," said the wretched man. "I will do anything you ask me if you'll only send her back.

In pawn! in pawn!"

He half rose as he spoke, and trem bled more and more as he tried to catch hold of the pawn broker, who only looked down on him with a frown, saying:

"It is too late, I tell you. I canno send her back now, and you need never come to claim her till you can bring proofs that you can support her com-fortably and do something to make her happy. Good-bye, Alfred Holmes. You need not come to my place for your child now, as you will not find her."

Before he could get out of the room : wild figure sprung toward him, and taking him by the arm, said excitedly: "My child! my child! Send her back I have got the shivers!" and looking

about him and speaking as though he were afraid of being heard, he added: 'I am afraid to stay alone." "There!" said David Downs, shaking him off; "I will send some one to stay

with you; but you cannot have your child. For the first time in the memory the oldest inhabitants the establishment of the pawnbroker was closed for a whole afternoon. Indeed, David Downs could attend to no business until he had taken Bessie to the home he had in his own mind chosen for her. He left her

with a kind, motherly woman, who soon

made her open her young, sad heart and take in the love and sympathy for want of which it was starving.

For three years Bessie heard nothing of her father, save that he was alive, for whatever else David Downs knew of decidedly, as she rose and turned away. him he kept to himself; but at the end of that time a stranger presented him-I'd self to her who told her he could give her some tidings of her father if she

cared to hear them. An eager though sad look came into her face as she turned to ask the question she almost feared to put, but there was something in the face that looked down at her so longingly that made her in spite of the snow-white hair, throw herself into the stranger's arms,

erying excitedly:

"Father! O father!"

"Bessie," said Alfred Homes, later in the day, handing her a roll of money,

there is the money. Bessie knew what money he meant, but looked up simply and asked: "Have you the tickets?"

"No. David Downs has it." "Then-then I am not-"

"No. Bessie, you are not in pawn now, and you can do what you choose with that money."
"Then, father," said Bessie, putting
her arms about his neck, "we will give

"What is it?--my hair?" he asked, as he saw her looking at him curiously. It turned white like this the first month I was alone in the world, Bessie. But you and I must never talk of that time,

little girl. A year later it was rumored that David Downs was fast making a bankrupt of himself and turning his place of ousiness into a charitable institution. Wise ones shook their heads and said h would soon want a home himself, but there was always one who spoke up when he was near and said:

"No, no. David Downs shall never want a home nor means of support so long as Alfred Holmes has two strong arms to use in his behalf."

THE KIND TO HAVE .- Mr. Oliver Cassilay has only been married a few years, but his appreciation of his wife has already begun to depreciate. There is a discount of twenty per cent. on it already.

Last Sunday afternoon they were tak-ing a walk, when she requested him to carry her dolman, at which he grumbled exceedingly.
"Before we were married," said Mrs.

Cassilay bitterly, "you used to say there was nothing in the world you would not do for me, and now you growl when I ask you to do any little

"Yes, it's all very well to talk that way, but if I had known before we were married that you were going to load me down this ways with cloaks, umbrellas, hats and things, whenever you got a chance, I would have advised you to wed a hat-rack."

"If I had done that," retorted Mrs. Cassilay, with telling sareasm, "I would, at least, have had an hat-rack-tive husband, which is more than I can say

THE HAIR AFTER DEATH.

ustances In Which It Has Grown To Great Length.

The extraordinary fact noted in the subjointed parrative is now for the first

timo published: In the year 1863 the bodies in the vaults of the church which then stood on the north side of Carmine streets, were removed. In some of the vaults the coffins had been ranged in rows, as many as ten being placed on the top of the other. Up to the time that the removal of the bodies was begun there had not been a burial-if the placing of a body in the vaults can be so termedunderneath the church for seventeen years. It was not surprising, therefore that when the men went to work mos of the coffins were found decayed, and that where there had originally been several coffins nothing was found but a mass of rotten wood, remnants of bones and now and then fragments of bodies that had held together, but had only the bare resemblance to skeletons of the human body.

There were, however, a few coffins which were found to be in a fair state of preservation, but, even the majority of these fell to pieces at the slightest touch. The work had lasted nearly a week when one day a vault was reach ed in which every coffin but one had crumbled Their contents lay in scattered heaps on the top of the casket which had been the first to be placed in the vault. Strange to say, although the workmen made rough use of their shovels, their coffin remained intact, and when the last shovelful of "rubbish" as the men called it-had been scraped off the lid there was no indication that the casket was not as strong as the day when it was tenderdly laid, as the friends of the dead ones fondly hoped, never to be disturbed from its resting

One of the laborers with a broom swept off the mould and dust of years that covered portions of the lid, and a faint glinting near the center of 1 caught their watchful eyes. Holding : lantern over the coffin one of the men found this to proceed from the plate-a heavy silver one. Bending down and scraping it with a trowel the workman described the name and age of the person who had been buried in the casket It showed that the body was that of boy of twelve years which had lain there upwards of sixteen years. In attempting to lift the coffin the lid came off, the worn and rusted screws falling

to the ground. The sight that met the eyes of the lookers-on they will probably never forget. One of them knelt down on th stone floor and devoutly made the sign of the cross. The interior of the coffin -the satin lining and the delicate fringe that bordered it - was yellow and mouldy, but the body of the boy-s handsome boy he must have been-in its white shroud, with a broad white silk ribbon about the waist; looked as though it had but recently been laid in the coffin. The face was marble white, the lips were half parted, as if in p smile, and beneath the partly closed eye-lids could be seen by the lantern's rays the eyes themselves. The little hands were folded across the breast, and most wonderful of all, perhaps, was the was upon it, and this dampness seemed like the trace of a wetted brush. hair fell in long tresses on either side, and had curied and stretched down and

covering it here and there like a thin veil. All this was seen at a glance. The wonderful appearance of the body re-mained unchanged for a much less time than it takes to tell it: for, as the men stood as if transfixed to the spot, gazing upon the child, an almost imper ceptible motion was discerned about the face. The eves commenced slowly to sink, the shroud to crumble, and in an instant almost the air had done its work, and the frail shell that had once doubtless been the pet of a household faded into nothingness. When those present (and the writer of this sketch was one of them) had regained their composure they stood before an almost empty coffin; for, besides a skeleton that fell to fragments when touched, there lay at the bottom of the casket nothing but the glossy curls that had once adorned the lad's head in lifetime. but had continued to grow probably for years after the day when the grave first

along and over the body to the waist,

claimed its own. Most people understand that hair doe sometimes grow after death, but there are perhaps few who know that there is a very considerable growth in at least interred in the usual manner. A story was told by Oscar Wilde at a dinner party in New York which illustrates this fact. When Gabriel Dante Rossett was very young—scarcely more than a boy—said Mr. Wilde, he was deeply in love with a young girl, and, having a poet's gift, he sang a poet's love in numerous sonnets and verses to her. She died young, and by her wish the manuscripts of the poems were placed in a casket and laid under her head, so that that even in the last sleep they should be, as they always had been, kept be-neath her pillow. Years passed by and Rossetti's fame grew until every line of his composition became precious, and some of those who prized his writings most asked him for copies of the songs that had been buried. He had kept no copies, or they had been lost. At all events he could furnish none, and when they asked him to rewrite the verses he declared that he was utterly unable to

At last his friends importuned him for permission to have the original man-uscripts exhumed. He consented after some hesitation, and all the necessary preliminaries having been complied with the grave, which had been sealed

for many years, was opened.

Then a strange thing was found The casket containing the poems had proved to be of perishable material and its cover had crumbled away. The long tresses of the girl had grown after death and had twined and intertwined among the leaves of the poet's paper colling. leaves of the poet's paper, coiling around the written words of love in a loving embrace long after death had sealed the lips and dimmed the eye that

sealed the lips and dimmed the eye that had made response to that love.

There is nothing improbable in the story so far as it relates to the physical phenomenon. That the hair grows after death is too well established a fact to be challenged, and is readily enough to be understood by any one who will give even a little study to its formation, it being an appendage to the human form, and not strictly speaking, a part of it. It might indeed be almost call a friendly parasite.

A PROUD AND HAUGHTY FATHER

one of the railroads of this city was blessed one Friday evening by the gift of a little responsibility. The boys in office were in ignorance of the fact for several days. Then, as the newly-made parent entered the office, his appear-ance denoted something unusual, but nothing was intimated by the young man. As he walked to his desk how-ever, he came upon a dog, the pet of the establishment, and heretofore an especial favorite with him. Giving the dog a kick, he explained the whole situation in one remark: "Get out of papa's way,-you, sir " Galveston News.

His Conscientious Scruples.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

James Carey, the most infamous of all the most infamous that poor Ireland has yet produced-a man who, after organizing assassination and inducing men of inferior intelligence, who leaned upon his judgment, to do the work, oetrayed and turned his dupes over to the hangman—this man Carey testified the other day in court at Dublin that he didn't attend one meeting of the assassination society held on Sunday because of Sabbatarian scruples!

This reminds me of a story poor dead Johnny Joyce used to tell of two Irishmen convicted of murder and called for sentence, who, when asked what they had to say, one answered:

"We did it, sor. I struck him wid a stone and Moik he hit him wid a shillelah and then we both av us buried him in the bog, sor."
"Well, well," said the judge, "but

what did you do before you threw the body into the bog?"
"Sure we searched him, sor."

"Yes, and what did you find?" "Two shillins' and two sixpence, yer honor. "Well, anything else?" "Yes, sor; a foine lunch of bread and

mate. "Yes; and what did you do with "We were hungry; sor, and we atthe bread and threw the mate away.
"Why did you throw the meat away!

Why He Could Afford to Sell So Cheap. "Boss, does ver wanter buy a ham?"

"Sure it was Friday, sor."

asked a negro of a white man. "What is it worth?" "Wall, as it's yerse'f, yer may take it

fur fifty cents." "That won't do. You can afford to sell it for less, for I believe you stole it,

anyhow." "Boss, doan 'cuse me so rash. Have a little mussy 'bout yer pusson. But, I tell yer, boss, if yer won't say nothin' 'bout it, I'll let yer hab it fur forty

The white man agreed, and paid over the amount, The negro, just as he crossed the street, was accosted by an quaintance, who said:-What did ver let dat man hab tha

CARBOLIC SALVE ham so cheap fur?" "O, I could 'ford it, 'case I stole it outen his own smoke-house.

The fact that we do not amount to much in this life, unless we are sadly disciplined, is in itself sterling proof of immortality. It is only as we are chiseled by sorrow and polished by dishair. It was neatly parted at the sides, chiseled by sorrow and polished by dis and appeared as if it had just been appointment, that our best qualitie combed, for the dampness of the vaults come out. Bereavement, criticism and come out. Bereavement, criticism and censure strengthen the character more than praise and success. Life is too hard, too sterile and too short for men and women to reach their full develop-ment.—Mary A. Livermore, Boston.

An insurance agent named Pyle, In running fell over the stile, St. Jacobs Oil gave relief. And the pain was so brief. He got up and said: "I should smile A lame old lady at Keyser. Hadmo one to advise her. Till Doctor John Boyle, Tried St. Jacobs Oil.

Its action did simply surprise her. The best sort of revenge is not to be like him who did the injury .- Marcus Antonius.

Instantly is none too quick to relieve croup. Many children have died while a fire was making. Johnson's Anodyne Liniment gives instant relief and is a sure cure. Half teaspoonful on sugar. Every family should keep it in the

Mississippi has about five thousand free schools.

The adulteration of condition pow ders has got to such a pitch that one can now buy a pound pack of dust and ashes for 25 cents. There is only one one-third of the cases where bodies are kind now known that are strictly pure, and those are Sheridan's Cavalry Pow-

A Georgia young lady is raising four acres of onions in order to obtain \$1,500.

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"My daughter was very bad off on account of a cold and pain in her lungs. Dr. Thomas Electric Oil cured her in twenty-four hours. One of the boys was cured of sore throat. This medicine has worked wonders in our family." Alvah Pinckney, Lake Mahopac, N. Y. A million feet of lumber are annually turn ed into base ball bats in this country.

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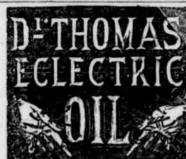
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